

# WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

AUG. NO. 105



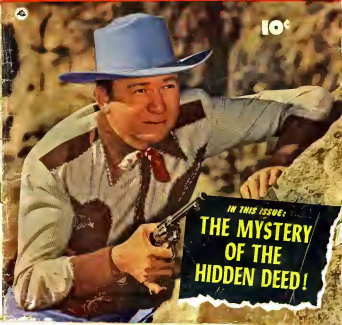
TEX RITTER



TOM MIX



MONTY HALE



10¢

IN THIS ISSUE:  
**THE MYSTERY  
OF THE  
HIDDEN DEED!**

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 APPROVED  
READING

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified  
on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LAUREL WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS  
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BOB CAMERON WESTERN • BAL BOYS WESTERN • BR-CON HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMICS • BOB COLE  
MAYNARD PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines  
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President*

# Tex Ritter

*in The Mystery of the Hidden Deed*



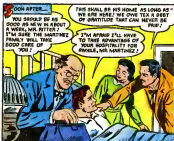
IT WAS A MISTERY DEED  
THAT BROUGHT FEN  
RITTER, THE FIGHTING  
FRANCE KING, INTO THE  
MIDDLE OF ONE OF HIS  
STRANGEST ADVENTURES!  
A DEAD MAN WAS FLAT  
UNDER THE HEADING OF  
BLASTING SO-GUNS AND  
BURNED DOWN! AND THE  
ALMOST DEAD HIMSELF  
AT THE END OF THE TRAIL.  
BEFORE HE SOLVES  
THE MYSTERY OF  
THE HIDDEN DEED!

HE DRY, AS TEN JOGS ACROSS THE PRAMIE SINGING  
A WESTERN SONG ...











IT'S A STRONG BOY! HMMM... AND THERE ISN'T ANY BUST ON TOP OF IT LIKE THERE IS ON THE BODY OF THE FLE! THAT MEANS IT'S BEEN WHIPPED LATELY!



THE BOX IS QUICKLY FORCED OPEN AND...

HERE'S SOMETHING WITH THE MARTINEZ NAME ON IT! AND IT'S PLUMPY OLD!



...AND IT SHALL HEREFTER BE KNOWN TO ALL THAT THE DEED CARRIES THE LAND TO THE MARTINEZ FAMILY SHALL BE HIDDEN IN THE HOUSE!

THE DEED IS HIDDEN IN THE MARTINEZ HOUSE!



BUT SURPRISLY...



I FIGURED HE'D COME BACK AND DO SOME SHOPPING!



HE FOUND THAT DOCUMENT, BLAME! NOW HE KNOWS THAT THEIR DEED IS HIDDEN IN THE HOUSE!

IT AIN'T GOING TO DO HIM ANY GOOD TO KNOW IT, THOUGH! TELL HIM TO THAT ABANDONED ICE HOUSE! I'M NOT TAKING ANY MORE ORDERS WITH HIM!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WHEN THE PERSON CONSIDERED, HE FINDS HIMSELF A HELPLESS PRISONER!

I WARNED YOU IT WOULDN'T BE SO EASY TO BE SO CARELESS! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT I MEAN!



NO WONDER! YOU'RE SO AFRAID TO THROW THE MARTINEZ FAMILY OUT OF THEIR HOME! YOU FIGURE THEY'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO SEARCH THE PLACE UNTIL YOU FIND THE DEED AND ALTER IT TO SUIT YOURSELF!









Boys! Girls!

**FREE!** at no extra cost! Plastic

# Rocket Rings



**WHOLE NEW SERIES!**  
**12 RINGS OF THE FUTURE**

- Space Cruiser
- Rocket Boat
- Tim Corbett, Space Cadet
- Space Cadet Steve Collins
- Space Girl
- Mr. Space Station
- Space Robot
- Perils-Ray Gun
- Secret Ray Gun
- Space Teenage
- Space Robot Knight
- Space Academy

**ONE IN EVERY  
BOX OF PEP!**

**6 Different  
Colors!**

ACTUAL SIZE OF RING

**Wear 'em!  
Collect 'em!  
Swap 'em!**

**NO MONEY! NO WAITING! NO BOX TOPS!**

Just open a box of delicious Kellogg's PEP and there's your prize! A beautiful bright-colored genuine plastic ring with "space-age" picture on top! Fit it any finger. Don't wait! Get a box of PEP—the "build-up" wheat cereal today.

Watch for entirely new prizes—coming soon!

**ONE IN EVERY BOX OF**



# BIG BOW and little arrow

IN BRUSHING OFF THE BRUSH!



HEY, BIG BOW,  
WHAT YOU  
DOING?

HE NO LIKE FLOOR SO  
HE GUNN IT BRUSHOFF!  
HE PAINTING IT!  
WHAT YOU THINK  
HE DOING!!



HOW COME YOU  
PAINTING FLOOR?  
YOU NO LIVE  
HERE!

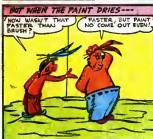
HE KNOW THAT,  
BUT HE GETTING  
PAID TO DO  
IT!



THEN HOW COME  
YOU USING  
OLD-FASHIONED  
METHOD TO  
PAINT  
FLOOR?

WHAT OLD-FASHIONED  
ABOUT IT, LITTLE  
ARROW? HE USING  
BRUSH AND PAINT! HOW  
ELSE CAN YOU  
DO IT?







## COMING COMIC ATTRACTIONS



10¢ SOON TO APPEAR AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

## ARROWS OF HONOR

*A Slim Carson Story**By Dick Kraus*

**A**CE MORAN rode hard through the San Pablo hills, lashing his dun mustang all the way. Past barrel cactus and towering yucca he galloped, finally reining in at the base of a sandstone cliff. Three men who had been squatting around a campfire whirled toward him. Recognizing Moran's ex-liege form, they released.

"So yuh finally got back, Ace." One of them granted. "What took yuh so long?"

Ace Moran dismounted, grinning beneath bushy eyebrows. Lighting a wrinkled cheroot, he tossed a folded newspaper toward the other men. "Read that," he said, "and you'll see why I took so long!"

The other men huddled over the newspaper. One of them looked up. "It's all about a gent named Rod Hawkins," he said. "Says he was captured by some Apache raiders when he was a kid, and was raised by them. Now he's inherited a fortune—if the eastern lawyers ever get their paws on him!"

Ace Moran puffed at his stogie.

"Just so!" he said. "This fellow Hawkins is worth plenty—maybe millions—but only if they recapture him from the Indians alive! Slim Carson, the border patrolman, is on his trail. But if we find him first, we can hold him for ransom! Then we can forget all about border smuggling and gun-running. Boys, this is really big!"

The other men looked at their leader, wide-eyed.

"Sounds good, Ace! But if we aim to locate Hawkins afore Slim Carson does, we'll have to be mighty sly. Carson's no slouch himself!"

As the border outlaws made their plans, Slim Carson was riding along the Rio, following the torturous, winding trail left by Rod Hawkins. Days before, he had encountered the White King of the Apaches. But Hawkins had escaped, his flaming red head disappearing in the mesquite brush along the river. Now, for three days and nights, Slim followed him grimly, drawing closer and closer to his quarry.

It was late in the afternoon, when Slim reined

his bay horse in. Dismounting, he inspected prints on the trail ahead of him.

"This trail is fresh, mighty fresh! Stay here, boy," he whispered to his horse. "I'm going on ahead. Looks as if Hawkins might be in that gully ahead!"

Half-crouched, he ran forward, springing from cover to cover. Finally rounding the corner of the arroyo, he stopped, frozen in astonishment at what he saw. For there was young Rod Hawkins—White King of the Apaches—clad in the simple buckskins of a tribal warrior! His hands were high, and facing him in a menacing semi-circle were—

"Ace Moran and his gang!" Slim muttered. "They've captured Hawkins. Reckon they aim to hold him for ransom! I've got a hunch that I'd better step in, just at this point!"

Coit gleaming in his slender hand, the youthful border patrolman walked around the corner.

"Howdy, gent! Mind if I break in?"

The border handits whirled. "Slim Carson!" one of them shouted. "He's followed us here! Gun him down!" As the badmen squeezed triggers, bullets whined, hornet-like past Slim's head. Dropping to one knee, he returned their fire. Through the haze of gunsmoke, he saw Rod Hawkins wrest himself from the grasp of one of Moran's men, and streak for the cover of the hills. The outlaws were too busy shooting at Slim to pursue their escaped captive.

Suddenly, Ace Moran raised his powerful hand.

"That's enough!" he shouted. "Hawkins is out of sight! Let's forget Carson, and get after him. Quick! His leather!"

The badmen whirled away, running hard for their horses. Vaulting onto their high-horned saddles, they raced off, dust billowing behind them. Moments later, Slim Carson stood alone. "At least, I helped Hawkins get away from them," he mused. "And here I go—after him!"

That night, Ace Moran and his gunsmoke made camp on a high plateau in the San Pablo range. Eating dry jerky, one of the men muttered, "No use trying to hang onto Hawkins to get



a ransom, while Slim Carson is in this section. That bombie is well poison, and worse!"

Moran nodded. "That's a fact," he agreed. "So I've worked out a plan. S'pose we get Carson out of the way, first! It should be easy. He's on the lookout for Hawkins himself. Suppose we show him a white-skinned gent, with a head of red hair, wearing Indian clothes and sitting by a campfire? He's bound to fall for it, and we can finish him off. Then we can look for Hawkins ourselves—in peace!"

"I don't get it," muttered one of the men.

"Concern you, it's as plumb simple as throwing a day-old calf," Moran said. "One of us'll dress up like Hawkins—wearing red-flannel atop his head, for color! He'll build a big campfire, mighty big, and sit by it. We lie in waiting, in the dark shadows. Carson's bound to spot it, and come a running! It's foolproof. Let's get started."

Hours later, Slim Carson was riding through the hills on his determined quest. Somehow, he had to find young Rod Hawkins, and make the youth understand that he was his friend—that he only wanted to bring him back to his father's people. Naturally, Hawkins was suspicious of white men. He had to be shown that they were not all his enemies.

"Not all like Ace Moran and his owlhoots," Slim grunted. Suddenly, his head snapped back. "That light! It's a campfire, a couple of miles ahead on the plateau."

Knitting his brow forward, Slim loped in the direction of the distant, twinkling light.

It grew closer, as the bay's hooves clattered against the rocky terrain. Dismounting when he was about a quarter mile away, Slim cautiously walked forward. Coming closer, he gazed through the night. "It's a white man all right," he muttered to himself. "Looks as if he's got red hair—and he's dressed in buckskin! Must be Rod Hawkins. But why would he be setting out there, right in the open?" For a moment, the slim, black-haired border patrolman hesitated. Then he gave his gunbelt a hitch and moved forward. "Got to find out sometime," he muttered. "So here goes!"

Yard by yard, he crept closer.

As he approached, all he could see was the one man, squatting in the bright firelight. Now he was just sixty yards away. Now fifty. And then, as Slim was about to move into the firelight himself, he heard a sudden hissing sound!

Amazed, he saw a flaming arrow streak through the air, just past him. It struck into the ground a distance past the fire! It was followed by a second, and then a third torch-like arrow!

In the brief moment that the arrows lit up the terrain, Slim saw several crouching shapes revealed in the shadows past the fire.

"A trap!" he hissed. "It's Ace Moran and his men trying to trick me into showing myself! But now the tables are turned!"

Drawing his Colts, Slim Carson leaped to the side, taking cover behind a huge boulder. He aimed and shot! One of the bandits clutched at a bullet-scorn shoulder, cursing furiously. Desperately, the outlaws tried to return Slim's fire. But as flaming arrows passed over his head, lighting up the ground ahead, Slim was able to gun down outlaw after outlaw!

Finally, Ace Moran sprang into the firelight, raising his hands high!

"We give up," he called. "Don't shoot any more, Carson. We're your prisoners!"

As the badmen stepped into the firelight, helping their wounded comrades, Slim Carson moved forward, guns leveled. Swiftly, he realized what had happened. In gratitude for his having been helped by Slim earlier in the day, Rod Hawkins had followed Slim. Seeing that he was about to fall into an ambush, the Apache-bred youth had shot flaming arrows into the air, to warn Slim. And his trick had worked—so well that the border patrolman was able to capture the entire gang.

"It was a debt of honor," Slim husked to himself, as he rounded up the outlaws, binding them together with a lariat.

**M**AYBE now that he's getting to think of me as a friend," he mused, "my job will be easier! For, sooner or later I've got to catch Rod Hawkins—the White King of the Apaches—and bring him back to civilization!"

THE END

*Follow the trail with SLIM CARSON, in his search for the White King of the Apaches each month in WESTERN HERO.*

# MONTE HALE

and

## THE UNINVITED DEMONS!



**N**OW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET A DEMON? WELL THEN, COME ALONG WITH MONTE HALE, THE TROUBLE-SHOOTING TROUBADOR OF THE RANGE, AND HIS SUPERSTITIOUS FRIEND, SILAS CAIN, AND HELP THEM DISCOVER THE SOURCE OF THE

### UNINVITED DEMONS!

**F**EWER SILAS CAIN IS KNOWN TO ALL HIS NEIGHBORS AS A SUPERSTITIOUS MAN!

"MIGHTY DARK OUTSIDE; IT'S NOT A BIT NIGHT FOR MAN OR BEAST TO GO WANDERING ABOUT!"



ACCORDING TO THE ALMANAC, IT'S ALL WITCHES' NIGHT; ALL KINDS OF SCARY MONSTERS AND BOGIES ARE ABLE TO SHOW UP!





YIEEE!!



EEEEE...



HEE, HEE! LOOK AT THAT FOOL MORTAL RUN FOR HIS LIFE!



GLAS CAIN DOESN'T STOP RUNNING UNTIL HE REACHES HIS WAGON! AND THEN HE ONLY STOPS LONG ENOUGH TO WATCH IF THE HORSES AND LIGHT OUT FOR DISTANT PARTS!



IN THE HOTEL ROOM WHERE MONTE HALL IS STAYING...



I'D BETTER TRY TO SLOW HIM DOWN BEFORE HE GETS HURT!







NO SENSE TRYING TO TALK ME OUT OF IT! I'M DOING THIS FOR YOUR GOOD TOO, MONTE!

I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND THIS, SILAS. IF I HAVE TO BRING THE SHERIFF BACK WITH A SEARCH WARRANT!



SILAS CAN BE THE MOST SUPERSTITIOUS HORSEMAN I EVER SAW! THE WAY HE ACTS, YOU'D THINK THOSE IMAGINARY DEMONS WERE REALLY CAPABLE OF DOING HARM!



FINDING A LITTLE SULPHUR AND BRIMSTONE ON HIS BARN FLOOR DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING... HEY!



THE BRIDGE IS STARTING TO COLLAPSE! UP, FARDNER!

CRACK!



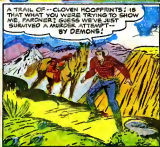
SUDDENLY, THE SLENDER SPAN GIVES WAY JUST AS THE WONDER HORSE, FARDNER, SCRAMBLES TO SAFETY!

NOT TRAVELING, FARDNER! BECAUSE THERE ISN'T ANOTHER HORSE IN THE WEST WHO COULD HAVE MADE IT!



WISHTY CIRCUM: THESE ROPE SUPPORTS DIDN'T BREAK; SOMEBODY CUT THROUGH THEM! BUT WHO'D WANT TO DO THAT?

NEIGH!!



A TRAIL OF --CLOVEN HOOFPRINTS: IS THAT WHAT YOU WERE TRYING TO SHOW ME, FARDNER? GUESS WE'VE JUST SURVIVED A MURDER ATTEMPT--

BY DEMONS!



THAT STAGECOACH WE ROBBED WAS CARRYING SOLID GOLD NUGGETS! LIKE THE FEEL OF THEM!



I RECKON THAT FALL OUGHT TO BREAK HIS NECK!



HE CAME BACK!



AND I CAME BACK SWINGING!

OWOO!



LATER...

THESE TWO OWLHOOTERS STEAL SOME DEMON COSTUMES FROM A MASQUERADE SHOP! THEY USED THEM TO SCARE YOU AWAY FROM YOUR BARN, SO THAT THEY COULD USE IT FOR A HIDE-OUT!

RECKON THEY SCARED ME TOO MUCH! FERTHER, OWLHOOTER MONTE!



BUT YU'VE TAUGHT ME A LESSON: I'LL NEVER BE SUPERSTITIOUS AG... SEE? YOW!!

WHAT'S WRONG?



HA, HA! IT'S NOTHING BUT A WHITE SHIRT FLAPPING IN THE WIND! AND I THOUGHT IT WAS A GHOST!

I RECKON AN OWLHOOTER CAN'T CHANGE HIS WAYS ALL AT ONCE, BLAH! YOU'LL GO ON BELIEVING IN GHOSTS AND DEMONS! BUT I'M SURE YOU'LL NEVER MEET ANY AGAIN!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF MONTE HALE IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE, MONTE HALE WESTERN, AND IN WESTERN HERO EVERY MONTH!





# TOM MIX

in The **BARREL** MYSTERY CASE!

IT WAS SURE NICE OF YUH TO INVITE ME TO SPEND A WEEK AT YORE RANCH, TOM! I HOPE YUH'LL INVITE ME AGAIN!

YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME AT THE TM BAR RANCH, BURT! AND I HOPE YOU HAVE A NICE TRIP HOME!

YUH AND YORE BRIGHT IDEAS, DICK! YUH SAID ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS TO RIDE DOWN TO THE DEPOT AND RIDE THE TRAIN BEFORE IT PULLED OUT OF THE STATION! BUT NOW ARE WE GOING TO DO THAT WITH TOM MIX AROUND?

DEPOT



BY CHANGING OUR PLANS, WE'LL STILL RIDE THE TRAIN, DICK! GO IN AND BUY TWO TICKETS FOR THIS TRIP AND--

YUH DON'T HAVE TO FINISH, BIG BROTHER! I KNOW WHAT YORE GOING TO SAY-- LEAVE THE REST TO YUH!



ALL ABOARD!

HOLD IT! WE'RE MAKING THIS TRIP TOO, WHY ARE OUR TICKETS!





LATER AT THE TW BAR RANCH, AFTER BURT WELLS HAS EXPLAINED...

EVER SINCE THE JONES BROTHERS MOVED INTO DOBBIE, I'VE SUSPECTED THAT THEY WERE UP TO NO GOOD, BUT NEITHER THE SHERIFF NOR MYSELF COULD PROVE ANYTHING, BURT:

WELL, IF YOU CAN FIND SOME OF THE LOOT THEY STOLE FROM THE PASSENGERS, THAT WOULD BE ENOUGH PROOF:



YOU WANT HERE, BURT: I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND THE JONES CABIN:



DIS! DIRT, TONY!



SHORTLY AFTER...

THERE'S THE CABIN UP AHEAD! KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, TONY: I DON'T WANT THEM TO KNOW THEY'RE HAVING A VISITOR:



THEY'RE SLEEPING:



GOOD! I'LL BE ABLE TO SEARCH THE REST OF THE CABIN FOR THE LOOT WITHOUT THEM EVEN KNOWING IT!



FOR BANDITS, THEY CERTAINLY AREN'T WORRIED; THEY'VE EVEN LEFT THEIR DOOR OPEN:

BUT AS TOM OPENS THE DOOR...





MEANWHILE...

AS SOON AS WE REMOVE ALL THE LOOT, WE'LL HEAD FOR THE NEXT TOWN!



I OPINED WE'D BE BETTER OFF IF WE HEADED FOR THE BORDER.

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, DUCK! WE WILL HEAD FOR THE BORDER; IT'LL BE SAFER THERE.

THEN LET'S GO!



LOOK--IT'S MIX! HOW COULD HE HAVE ESCAPED?

NEVER MIND THAT; REACH FOR YOUR GUNS.



BUT THERE'S NO ONE IN THE WEST QUICKER ON THE DRAW THAN DOBIE'S NUMBER ONE STRAIGHT SHOOTER TOM MIX!



NOW WHAT? HE'S UNARMED US!

WHAT DO Y'EH THINK, STUPID? START RUNNING!

I CAN'T LET THEM ESCAPE AFTER ALL THIS!



HE'S CATCHING UP!

ONE OF US IS GOING TO BE LUCKY; HE CAN'T CATCH BOTH OF US AT ONCE!





BUT TOM IS JUST AS EFFECTIVE WITH HIS FISTS AS HE IS WITH HIS SIX-SHOOTERS!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF TOM MIX IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE TOM MIX WESTERN AND IN WESTERN HERO AND MASTER HERO COMICS!



# the POPSICLE KIDS in NEVADA BAD LANDS!



TESS AND TIM  
HELP STAKE A CLAIM

IF I LEAVE THIS GOLD STRIKE, THE BLACK SAND WILL STAMP MY CLAIM.



WRITE YOUR CLAIM NUMBER SMALL—IT'LL HIDE 'EM IN MY BOOT RING'S SECRET CHAMBER!

HOW CLOSE THE TOP—THE COMPASS WILL GUIDE US!



NO CLAIM NUMBERS ON MY BLACKIE



LET 'EM GO—WE'LL STAKE THE CLAIM!



THEY STAKED THE CLAIM NUMBER HERE, BEHIND 'EM WITH THE MAGNIFYING GLASS OF MY BOOT RING!

THAT CLAIM'S SAFE—NOW WE'LL GET THAT SAND!



KIDS, YOU SAVED MY RICHEST STRIKE!

THANKS TO MY "POPSICLE" BOOT RING!

JAIL'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU!



YOUR BOOT RING SURE SAVED THE DAY, TIM!

I'M SENDIN' FOR MY BOOT RING RIGHT NOW!

Get Your  
Cowboy  
**BOOT RING**  
25¢ and 1 Bag  
with Polka Dots

from either  
"POPSICLE",  
"PUDDSICLE",  
"CREAMSICLE", or  
"DREAMSICLE"  
in any all-25¢  
collection bag that says  
"POPSICLE PTE"  
and "SAVE  
THOSE BAGS  
FOR GIFTS"



HARVEST  
MAGNETIC  
COMPASS

THREE MAGNIFYING  
AND HARMING GLASS

SECRET  
COOL  
SHEET  
MIFT  
HIDDEN  
CHAMBER

REAL WILD WEST BRAND  
TO MARK YOUR  
BENDING POINT

FAITHFUL  
MODEL  
OF REAL  
COWBOY  
BOOT

(shown in picture  
being life size)

ITS ANY FINGER!

SEND FOR  
GIANT GIFT LIST  
IT'S FREE!



SEND IN  
COUPON  
TODAY!

**POPSICLE**

Box 125, New York 46, New York

I am enclosing \$\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ bags,  
("25¢ and I bag for each ring.")

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ Popsicle Boot Rings and Free  
Giant Gift Guide of other exciting Popsicle prizes.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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# CORNERED IN THE CORRAL!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

IT HAPPENED  
AT A WILD  
RODEO...

MATTIE  
CLOWN DOWN!  
IN THIS CORRAL?

THAT'S COOL! THE  
RODEO CLOWN WATCH  
HIM GET THOSE  
STEAKS AWAY FROM  
THE COWBOYS!

FELLAS,  
WEST COOL!

GOSH, THAT'S MIGHTY  
CAUTIONOUS! YA GOTTA  
BE FAST ON YOUR  
FEET, HUH?

TELL TOM  
ABOUT "P-F",  
MR. WISE

JIM WISE TELLS WHY  
"P-F" CANVAS SHOES  
HELP YOU GO FULL  
SPEED LONGER!

1. THE ALL-IMPORTANT  
"P-F" RIBB WEDGE  
HELPS KEEP THE 3  
MAIN SUPPORTING  
BONES OF THE  
HUMAN FOOT IN  
PROPER  
POSITION.



2. THINER  
FLEXIBLE  
CUSHION

\* TELL US MORE

"P-F" MEANS  
POSTURE FOUNDATION

THAT KID  
WILL BE  
KILLED!

I'LL  
GET  
HER!

QUICK!  
INTO THE  
BARREL!



RIGHT FIRST  
MOVIN',  
SON!

MIGHTY FAST  
THINKIN', TOO!

GOOD THING I  
HAD "P-F" ON!  
THEY GUYS  
HELPED ME  
GO FULL  
SPEED!

GOOD ADVICE FROM  
JIM WISE!



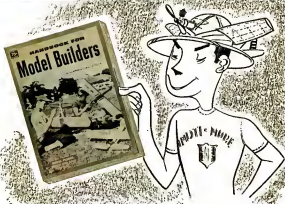
GET YOUR  
"P-F"  
CANVAS SHOES  
TODAY AND SELL  
FOR YOURSELF  
HOW THEY HELP!

1. LESSEN FOOT STRAIN
2. YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER
3. GUARD AGAINST FLAT FOOT
4. FIRMATE GOOD POSTURE



INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B.F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company

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